

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF TO THE A.E.F.

THE enemy has capitulated. It is fitting that I address myself in thanks directly to the officers and soldiers of the American Expeditionary Forces who by their heroic efforts have made possible this glorious result.

Our armies hurriedly raised and hastily trained, met a veteran enemy, and by courage, discipline and skill always defeated him. Without complaint you have endured incessant toil, privation and danger. You have seen many of your comrades make the supreme sacrifice that freedom may live.

I thank you for the patience and courage with which you have endured. I congratulate you upon the splendid fruits of victory which your heroism and the blood of our gallant dead are now presenting to our nation. Your deeds will live forever on the most glorious pages of America's history.

Those things you have done. There remains now a harder task which will test your soldierly qualities to the utmost. Succeed in this and little note will be taken and few praises will be sung; fail, and the light of your glorious achievements of the past will sadly be dimmed. But you will not fail.

Every natural tendency may urge towards relaxation in discipline, in conduct, in appearance, in everything that marks the soldier. Yet you will remember that each officer and each soldier is the representative in Europe of his people and that his brilliant deeds of yesterday permit no action of today to pass unnoticed by friend or by foe. You will meet this test as gallantly as you have met the tests of the battlefield.

Sustained by your high ideals and inspired by the most heroic part you have played, you will carry back to our people the proud consciousness of a new Americanism born of sacrifice. Whether you stand on hostile territory or on the friendly soil of France, you will so bear yourself in discipline, appearance and respect for all civil rights that you will confirm for all time the pride and love which every American feels for your uniform and for you.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING,
General, Commander-in-Chief.

France, November 12, 1918.

REVELLE OUSTS 77'S AS WHOLE FRONT QUIETS

Squads East and West Order of Day When Guns Stop Barking

REAL BUGLE, REAL DRILLS

Campfires Glow Where Lighted Match Might Once Have Brought Down Barrage

All last week the battle line along the Meuse, from Sedan down toward Verdun, presented the strange and somewhat comic spectacle of the American Army all dressed up and no one to fight.

From that never-to-be-forgotten eleventh hour of November 11 to dawn on the following Sunday, when the march to the Rhine began, the front was a rest area.

The river line, where only a week before it had been treason and madness to strike a match, now glowed with the embers of a thousand Yankee campfires.

The bugle music of retreat sounded out at sundown across what had been No Man's Land. There, field kitchens, warped and weary from the strain of chasing the doughboys for 40 breathless kilometers, had a chance at last to trundle past them, settle down in front of them, and, thus strangely placed, bring forth an endless succession of well-earned flapjacks.

There, too, the free-and-easy, rip-and-leather-go-bys existence of the front gave way to all the fuss and feathers of cantonment life. Formal guard mount there would be as the afternoon shadows lengthened along the Meuse, and the hills there were a-plenty, drills in fields to which the shell holes gave the look of new-plowed ground. Where but a week before the cannon had cursed and the machine guns rattled there could be heard now nothing but the harsh calls of "Squads left, damn you," and "Squads right about."

Roused by Reveille
The doughboy, roused on these frosty November mornings by the half-forgotten sound of reveille, and discovering that life in the front line had become suddenly so comfortable by the unfamiliar presence there of the top sergeant, crawled out of his canvas "chateau," shivered, cursed and, in the bottom of his heart, wondered if this old armistice was all it had been cracked up to be.

The front was a rest area, meaning that the troops, after the first wild uncheckered jubilation of the 11th, had settled down to work. It was drill, drill, drill for the Infantry and the Artillery. It was work from dawn to dusk for the Signal Corps wiremen getting ready to link the Meuse and the Rhine wires, too, for the Engineers and Engineers on the splintered river bridges and on all the roads approaching them. Now and again one of their quarry explosions would jar all the battlefields and start each time the agitating suggestion that the war had ended for business.

The week was a stirring, heart-warming, memorable by the steady flow through our impatient lines of prisoners returning from Germany. Out of Longwy, out of Longuyon, and all the towns and villages of the frontier came a happy multitude of young and old, men and women, soldiers and civilians.

Whole Columns of Boys

There were whole columns of boys, kidnapped early in the war from up Lille way. They had been toiling dully in the towns from which the Germans were now departing for good and all. When the order had come for the lines to withdraw beyond the Rhine, their captors turned them loose.

Then, one and all, they set their faces toward Paris. Was it still there—Paris? Had it been bombed to pieces? The Germans said so. Had Clemenceau been killed? The Germans said so.

So the questions poured from them when once more they found themselves with friendly faces all about. They had not enough clothing on their backs nor enough food in their bellies, but one and all, they were grinning from ear to ear, and, one and all, they got fed somehow at the inexhaustible American kitchens as they trudged through our lines along the wonder-road that led to home.

Back to Their Own Division

There were prisoners of war as well. French, Italian, Russian—and American, some abruptly and dramatically released from their work on the roads behind the German lines, some formally delivered from the big prison camp in Luxembourg. Of these, the most eager and the most free were five Yankees taken prisoner at Juvigny in September, who outstripped the rest and arrived one night, fagged out, hungry and footsore at the American line. By a freak of circumstance, they found themselves in the area of their own division.

"Who's there?" the sentry called. "Go to hell," a voice answered affectionately from the darkness. "I'm Hindy himself, if you all want to know."

The sentry forgot that he was a sentry and disobeyed four or five general orders in rapid succession, so great was his haste to welcome the wanderers. He threw down his gun, which hardboiled sentries never do, and shook hands all round.

That was after the Boches had started to fade silently away from their positions on the other side of No Man's Land, but even before their going, some recently captured prisoners began to trickle back to their own people. And if the War Diary is really complete, it will have an entry noting gravely how on the night of the 11th,

some 28 American prisoners were brought down to the barbed wire by their captors and there formally handed over in exchange for two cartons of cigarettes.

Thousands of Last Shots

Meanwhile, no chronicler can ever hope to set down all the yarns that were told and all the rumors that were spread around the campfires at night. From a hasty compilation of the statistics there furnished, an investigator could easily establish the fact that the last shot of the war was fired 78,926 times. At least that many shells have already been sold to Y. M. C. A. men and other Americans in France as certified souvenirs of the last moment of the war.

And the rumors. Just as the camps back in the States used to buzz every morning with the news that the outfit was going to France, so last week every organization in the Zone of Advance was on edge with the expectation of leaving before dark for Berlin. And, though home would not look so very terrible to most of us just now, it should be set down here that every unit not invited to the Rhine felt highly outraged at the omission.

Then, just as last summer the A. E. F. was agog over the question as to which outfits would parade in Paris on the Fourth of July, so now there has been an omnipresent bit of inside stuff according to which the divisions will march up Fifth avenue on Christmas Day. Each division is a little puzzled as to the identity of the other two.

Jazz for Famous Scot

It was after dark that the yarns and the rumors thrived. And the festivities, too. It was during that motionless week that the greatest and gentlest Scot of our time made a pilgrimage to Verdun. He found his battered streets packed with parading polius, Tommies and Yanks, with here and there some soldiers from Russia and Italy and Algiers and far-off Annam.

He went to the old cathedral at night, drawn across the courtyard to the basement of the saintly College Marguerite, by the zippy discords from one of the jazz bands in France.

There he found officers and nurses treading the stately measures of the fox trot. He wandered through the dim candle lit corridors of the citadel itself, in front of which, in a space of three square kilometers, the armies of Germany and France fought night and day through eight of the most bitter and most critical months in the history of man. Now, around each candle, a group of soldiers bent over something on the stone flagging and each group ever and anon, a strange incantation which seemed, at times to form such phrases as:

"What's that? What's that? Baby needs a pair o' shoes. What's that? Read 'em and weep, I tell you. Read 'em and weep!"

CHANCE TO COME BACK

First Old Timer: Well, thank God this war's about over!
Second Old Timer: Yes, we can clean out a few of these civilians now and have a real army.

TIME TO LET HIM KNOW

"What's for dinner tonight?"
"Slum."
"Guess the mess sergeant still thinks there's a war on."

HOTEL PLAZA-ATHENEE
25 Avenue Montaigne, PARIS

SLEATOR & CARTER
MILITARY TAILORS
PARIS, 39 Avenue de l'Opéra, PARIS
Uniforms and all Insignia
British made Trench Coats

In peace times a pleasant luxury
In war times a fighting food-



Whitman's
Chocolates
Made in Philadelphia U.S.A.
Since 1842 by
Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.

THIRD ARMY WELL ON WAY TO KEEP WATCH ON RHINE

Continued from Page 1

known as the Army of Occupation, is made up of 250,000 troops, commanded by Major-General J. T. Dickman.

Six of the divisions had been in the thick of every big American fight since Marshal Foch launched the counter-offensive in mid-July.

There is the First, whose Infantry paraded the Champs-Elysees that first French Fourth of July in 1917, the First with its memories of Cantigny, Soissons, St. Mihiel and the Argonne. It is commanded by Brig-Gen. Frank Parker.

There is the Second, half Infantry and half Marines, that made Belleau Wood a name to conjure with in American history, that was very much in evidence at St. Mihiel, that jumped in to help General Gouraud in Champagne in October and from that hustled over to the Argonne to take the center of the line when the smash was made on November 1. The commander is Major-Gen. John A. Lejeune, M. C.

First at Chateau-Thierry

There is the Third, the first American division to jump into the fight at Chateau-Thierry, the division that held the Marne on that historic July 15 when the last German offensive began and one of the divisions that were longest in the line during the Argonne battle. The commander is Brig-Gen. Preston Brown.

There is the Fourth, likewise a veteran of the Chateau-Thierry salient and a tower of strength during the entire first month of the Argonne drive. The commander is Major-Gen. Mark L. Hersey.

Besides these four are two divisions built on National Guard foundations—the 32nd and the Rainbow. The 32nd is made up largely of men from Wisconsin and Michigan.

On the Ourcq and the Vesle, one of its elements won from the French the name of "The Terrible Brigade" and the 32nd, before getting ready for its role in the Argonne, was used by General Mangin as the spearhead of one of his mighty thrusts below the Saint Gobain Forest. It is commanded by Major-Gen. William C. Haan.

Then there is the Rainbow, the division whose regiments come from New

American Church of the Holy Trinity
23 Ave. George V (formerly de l'Alma) PARIS

Messe: 10:30 a.m.
MILITARY SERVICE EVERY SUNDAY
4:30 to 5:30 P.M.

War Choir—Military Band You are Welcome
Preacher, Nov. 24, BISHOP PERRY

JOHN J. O'KEEFE & COMPANY
405 Lexington Ave., New York City

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES
JEWISH WELFARE BOARD
U. S. ARMY AND NAVY
Headquarters: 41 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris
(near Opera—same building as Farmers' Loan & Trust Company)
The OFFICE and CLUB ROOMS are open DAILY from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m.
Well Furnished Rest Room Library and Writing Room Mail Enquiries Most Welcome
ALL WELCOME

ASK FOR "KINGS' TASTE" CIGARS

Shipped Abroad for the A.E.F.

AUG. KLEFFMANNS' SONS, Makers

Barclay and Greenwich Sts.

NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company

PARIS NEW YORK BORDEAUX
41, Boulevard Haussmann. S. Cours du Chapeau-Rouge
LONDON: 126, Old Broad Street, E.C.2
(116, Pall Mall East, S.W.1)

Two Other Special Agencies in the War Zone

United States Depository of Public Moneys in
Paris, New York & London.

The Société Générale pour favoriser etc., & its Branches throughout France will act as our correspondents for the transactions for Members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

Lowney's
Chocolates

"Dig In"

INVESTMENTS

LIBERTY BONDS

JENKS, GWYNNE & CO.

(N. Y. Stock Exchange
Members N. Y. Cotton Exchange
Chicago Board of Trade
15 Broad St. N. Y. City

THE NEW
"FLEX" PUTTEES, FLEX
—IN KAKI ONLY—
Specially designed for officers and men of the American and British Armies
HYGIENIC—SMART—RELIABLE
Washable—Fadless—Will not shrink, stretch, slip or twist.
On sale at all leading stores all over France or direct from
BOS & PU "L"
234, Faub. Saint-Martin, PARIS
Manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers.

VIVE L'AMERIQUE

Get at once a copy of the VICTORY (9th) edition of

THE IDEAL SYSTEM
for acquiring a practical knowledge of

FRENCH

By Mlle. V. D. GAUDEL, Officier d'Académie
340 Rue Saint-Hippolyte, PARIS.
The only book of its kind, and considered by far the BEST, written especially for YOU, containing the most useful, classified, vocabulary—COMMON conversational on all topics, clear construction, dictionary, etc.
SAVE TIME and useless efforts: drop old-fashioned, impracticable or childish text-books. THIS IDEAL SYSTEM will teach you
JUST THE FRENCH YOU WANT TO KNOW
On sale at all leading Book Stores
JUST OUT—KEY TO THE IDEAL SYSTEM

SHAVE WITH A SMILE

BY USING

DURHAM DUPLEX
SAFETY RAZOR

The DURHAM DUPLEX Razor Set either in leather case, or in khaki cloth kit including a razor, with white handle, package of three blades, guard and stropping attachment can be obtained

at all A.E.F. and Y.M.C.A. canteens